JACK PUDDINGS DISAPPONTMENT,

OR

A General Lamentation

AMONGST

Cooks, Players, Rope-dancers and Fidlers, Whores, Lottery-men, Pickpockets and Juglers for the Lord Mayors Order for a discontinuing of *Bartholomew Fair.*

THE Order for the discontinuance of the *Fair*, having so nettled the Noddels of the *Punchenelian Projectors*, and alarm'd the wandring Crew of infallible *Jack-Puddings*; together with an Amorous Collection of obliging *Waterwagtales*, *Pedlers*, *Fidlers*, *Rope-dancers*, *Thieves Whorrs*, and *Juglers*: Who one day viewing with mournful Eyes, the spacious Foundation of all their Triumphant Fabricks lye desolate and unregarded, which us'd with all the Scenes of Pleasure to illustrate the memory of their beloved S. *Bartholemew*, began with great Concern and Melancholy deportment, to breath out some expressions of their Sorrow.

How oft have I (says one) *Strutted in Glorious Tinsey, play'd the Emperor, and Charm'd the Admiring Audience with my Looks and Speeches; joyning my Penny with my Queen for Porridge, to sup between the Scenes, to stay our Stomachs till our Grandiurs over. And then at night revel o're Brandy, Ale, Tobacca: And in our drunken humours beget young Princes for the Stage, to make its Grandieur flourish in futurity.*

A *Cook*, ſtanding near being attentive to this ſorrowful Oration, began to ſhew a terrible concern for their grevious diſappointment, Crying in great Fury,

Have I bought a ſcore of Hampſhire Porkers to ſtuff the Gutts of the London *Prentices, and now to be no Fair, I think I have brought my Hogs to a fair Market; Have I hir'd Boys this fortnight to cath Flys for Pig-ſawce, and have bought ſo much brown Sugar that if the Apthecarys take it not off my hand for their Cliſters, I'm a ruin'd and undone Man to all intents and purpoſes.*

An old Baud ſtanding by, being willing to bear a Part in this ſorrowful Lamentation, and wiping her wet Eyes with her blew Apron, began thus to expreſs her Grief:

I am an old Woman, God help me, and have been unfit for mans uſe this Thirty years, but Unleſs my maker I have always taken care in the Fair time to keep twelve or fourteen pair of as pritty nimble B—— ragging as ever Woman yet got livelyhood by; but now theſe Magiſtrates are grown ſo ſevere that the antient and beloved trade of Concupiſcence is quite abdicated, and a poor old Woman muſt ſtarve for want of the ſweet ſin of Leachery being put in execution.

A *Fair Lady* ſtanding by, who had received her education under the conduct of the *Old Woman*, began to drop her ſome words of Comfort in this following Anſwer,

Come chear up Mother, be of good heart, for I have got many a Shilling and half Crown in your houſe by the good old trade of Basket-making, and as long as I can lift a Shop, pick a Pocket, move my B—— Flog, Huffle, or by manual dexterity procure a Penny thou ſhalt not want it, for thou haſt bred as many Artiſts of our Profeſſions and has had as many Maidenheads under your management as any old Matron in Chriſtendom.

The next ill favour'd Picture of bad fortune that appear'd was a *Jack Adams*, who had ſcrew'd up his Chops in a moſt lamentable poſture to deliver his Complaint amongſt the reſt of his diſapointed Brethren, and thus began.

I have made my ſelf a Fool to make fools of other people this fifteen years, but never made my ſelf ſuch a downright fool as now; to quit the reverend occupation of an eminent Phyſitian in the Country, in hopes to follow foolling for a Guiney a day in Town, and am quite diſapointed. Ah poor Bartholemew, *I little thought to ſee thee worn out*

of

of date, well the want of thee will make many a thin pair of Jaws and threadbear Coate. And leſt if I ſtay long in Town, I ſhould fall under the ſame predicament, I will e'n betake my ſelf to my old trade of Montebanking, and to replenniſh my ſtock of Phyſick, I will fill up my Budget upon Finchley-Common, *with Pillula Sheepſturds and with one Doſe will engage to cure all Diſtempers.*

Caper and Jarkit the *Rope-dancer*, hearing *Jack Adam's* reſolutions, ſtept up as nimble as a Grig, and accoſted him in this Nature.

So we all ſee to our great ſorrow that the Fair for this year is by an Order obſtructed; and ſince you will have no opertunity of playing the Fool, I ſuppoſe your intention is to turn Phyſitian, and if you pleaſe to admit of me to Tumble, or Dance of the high Rope, great Rope ſlack Rope; or be your Orator, I ſhall be glad to wait of you, beſides I have an excellent faculty of perſwading people to believe I am breaking my Neck from the Rope, to fright old Women out of Agues, Coughs, Palſies, *and many other Diſtempers.*

Theſe two agreeing, the next mournful Object that ſtruck up was a diſconſolate Scraper, who with his Fiddle out of Caſe, lookt ſo ſadly out of Tune, that his Face was a Meer Emblem of Diſcord, who elevated his Voice above the Common pitch of Speech; after a deliberate ſigh deliver'd himſelf in this following Manner.

O miſerable me, what a harmoneous Age we live in, that I have not got money enough ſince May *day laſt to find Gutts to my Fiddle, and Rozen to feed them withall. Long has my poor Carcaſe been as thin as the belly of my Inſtrument, and my Gutts as ſlender for want of eating as thoſe I play on, all this with patience have I long endur'd, hoping by my Crowd this* Bartholemew *Fair to have pickt up enough fleſh from the fragments of fat Pork to have kept my bones from ſtarving. But now I find with empty Pockets, a threadbear Cote, a feeble Carcaſe, and an old Fiddle, I muſt ſeek my Fortune amongſt Country Wakes and Weddings; or dye here an everlaſting ſcandal to my Profeſſion.*

The next diſconſolate Figure that appear'd, was an *Ale-draper*, who in a penſive poſture, leaning upon the Rails in *Smithfield* with a heavy Heart utter'd forth this following complaint.

'Have I laid out five pound in Cans and ſmall Meaſure, to cheat 'the ſtrolling Ninnehammers of the Fair. And bottled up ſo much

'Ale

'Ale for the Prentice Boys to treat their obliging Miſtreſſes, and 'all in vain; bought ſo many pound of damag'd Mundungus, hir'd 'an experienc'd Tapſter, who can draw neat, ſweep the Sellar ſtairs, 'ſcore Two for One, out ſwear a Hector, out Jilt a town Strumpet, 'and cheat faſter than his Maſter, and all to no purpoſe. Twen-'ty pound in debt to the Brewer, and as much to my Landlord; 'and no other proſpect then the Fair to redeem me from the greedy 'clutches of theſe unmerciful Creditors. Ah miſerable me, I will 'go hoop my Wife, that veſſel of iniquity for madneſs. Then 'drown my ſelf in a Butt of Stale Beer, and their lye hid from 'the moſt abominable outrage of the Brewer, till the day of 'Judgment.

FINIS.